

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Riddle.

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.
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WHAT goes down the chimney down and up the chimney down but won't go up the chimney up nor down the chimney up?

Jimmy Sudds, third row, five, recited the riddle glibly through missing front teeth. The school was petrified—not that it was a riddle—for Miss Eaton herself had suggested the form of recreation that day much to their delight, but they were petrified by the enormity of the proposition Jimmy propounded.

After a moment Miss Eaton suggested gently, "Suppose you say it again, Jimmy; it's such a long one, you know. Now, go very slowly." Again Jimmy, inflated with importance and the size of his riddle, repeated the amazing words.

"That certainly is a hard one, Jimmy!" Miss Eaton remarked, smiling, and then realizing that fifteen pairs of eyes recently concentrated on the third row, five, had shifted their gaze to the door behind her, she turned.

Mr. Milford, the principal, had opened it quietly, evidently just in time to hear the second rendition. Miss Eaton's cheeks took a tinge of pink, but she rose to the occasion beautifully.

"Oh, Mr. Milford, won't you help us guess riddles? It's recreation time you know and we thought we'd have them for a change. We are tired of old games."

Mr. Milford was silent for a moment then said crisply, "Miss Eaton, I'll send down some primary history readers. The children will like them I think, and they are more improving than riddles, I'm sure." Whereupon he went out and closed the door, but not before he had seen the deep rose in Miss Eaton's cheeks deepen to a painful crimson as she caught the implied rebuke.

Outside he hesitated an instant; then suddenly squaring his shoulders he strode over to his desk, in the office, where he savagely grabbed up his pen and proceeded to finish the application blanks for the following term. Why was it that Rebecca Eaton insisted so on inviting reprimand?

Why was it she was always doing something entirely without precedent, establishing a system of her own, so to speak—tearing down the school ethics daily, abolishing military precision that had been the very foundation of the system?

"Of course," he reflected, "her discipline is perfect, and—" (he pulled a record card of No. 5 out of a pigeon-hole) "her year 'n average is the highest in the school. But riddles! In school! Ridiculous!"

"What goes down the chimney up and up the chimney down but won't go down the chimney. What was it the youngster was saying?" Then suddenly straightening, he ran a finger down the neglected page. Where was it? Miss Eliza Smart? Oh, yes! Age, 58, address—street, town, state, I hereby do wish to be considered—

Again Mr. Milford's grey eyes wandered out of the window to the line of maples waving gay salutes at the tufted white clouds above them. And just beyond, a full grown, regular Santa Claus chimney lifted its capable shoulders. "What goes up the chimney up and down the chimney down? Where do you suppose that kid ever heard it?"

Mr. Milford got up and paced his office rattling the keys in his pocket. "Now what can go up the chimney up, do you suppose?" He stopped thoughtfully in front of a bookcase. "I'll just take those history readers over to No. 5 myself and see if they're still guessing."

But when Mr. Milford appeared again in Miss Milford's room his north ern latitude completely eclipsed by a pile of red-backed "History Readers," No. 5 had its nose buried deep in multiplication tables.

Miss Eaton helped him unload and turned back to her marking. A certain amused defiance had replaced the distress in her eyes which Mr. Milford noted with uneasiness. He neither enjoyed nor understood her sense of humor. Once, he remembered, she had told him it was because he had been born without any himself. The smile had disappeared from his own lips, but not the curiosity from his brain.

He sought Jimmy's desk and showed him that 7 x 8 are not 64. "Oh, by the way, did they guess your riddle, Jimmy?" he asked casually. "No, sir!" answered Jimmy promptly and proudly. "I had to tell 'em." But he volunteered no further information.

"Will you please stop in the office before you go this evening, Miss Eaton?" he said as he left. "The application blanks are ready for next season awaiting your signature."

At 5:15 every blank had been filled, from Miss Tibby Tibbury who taught A B C in No. 1, to Miss Mabel Stone who brle into Begginner's Latin in A 8th—all except one—Miss Eaton from No. 5 had not appeared to affix her signature to her application. And another—Mr. Richard Milford, principal, also had not put down his name. Until an hour ago, he had fully intended to sign for next term. Why then was he waiting? He looked anxiously at the blank for No. 5 then across the hall to the closed door. Things were beginning to clear slowly up in his mind. He was realizing very keenly now why he would or would not apply for next year. It all depended on Rebecca Eaton.

A shadow came over the sun and darkened the world. At the same instant a quick little gust of wind blew some papers off his desk. He had not noticed the storm approaching. He shut the window beside him and stopped to pick up the scattered sheets, when he heard the door of No. 5 open and close softly and some one step quickly past the open door of the office.

"Miss Eaton!" He was beside her in an instant. The storm was directly overhead now, and it was so dark in the hall he could scarcely see her. But a bright flash, quick but all



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revealing, enlightened him considerably. "You had been crying!"

"You can't go out now," he protested, holding out a detaining hand. "It's beginning to pour." A deafening crash drowned his last words. "Come, I won't let you!" he insisted as she again moved toward the door, murmuring a remonstrance.

Going into the office and returning with an umbrella, he asked curiously, "Aren't you going to apply for next term? We all want you back, you know."

"No, I'm not going to apply, Mr. Milford. I—I don't want to come back. If I do I'll be the same old thing—you'll disapprove of everything I do, and—make fun of my ideas. Why were we having the most fun today when you came in and you quite spoiled it all."

"Oh, I mustn't say. The worst of the storm's gone round, and it's scarce raining at all."

There was no stopping her this time. There was nothing to do but follow. "I'm coming along whether you want me or not," he declared. "I've got two questions to ask you, and I've got to know the answer to both." He had caught up and drawn her hand through his arm.

"Yes?" curiously. The tears had quite gone now. "I don't want you to apply for the school next year after all. I want you to marry me and keep house for me. I—I love you, Rebecca. I'm crazy about you. Do you—would you—I mean could you ever love me, do you think, dear? Such an old bear as I am?"

"I—I'll think about it," she said daintily, trying to be very matter of fact. And fortunately the kindly umbrella shielded them just then from too curious eyes.

"And the other—what's the other question, dear?" asked Rebecca after a while when they reached the corner and stood waiting for the car.

"Oh," laughed Richard, "I'd forgotten. But do tell me. It's worried me to death. What goes down the chimney down and up the chimney down, but won't go down the chimney up nor up the chimney up?"

"Why, an umbrella, of course!" she answered demurely.

The Only Reliable Test. "Is this for publication?" inquired the conscientious interviewer. "How do I know?" rejoined Senator Sorghum. "It's impossible to be sure whether anything ought to be published till after it appears in print."—Washington Star.

Information Wanted. "Yes, they sometimes launder the soiled money at the treasury." "Can you tell me where they hang it out?"—Kansas City Journal.

King George has more thrones than any other living monarch. He has three in his London palace, one in the House of Lords, in Westminster Abbey and a sixth at Windsor castle.

Confessions of a Bride

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Bob's Case of Shell-Shock Helps Him Feign Brain Sickness.

And so, together, I and the man who loved me to desperation watched by the bed of my unconscious husband. What was Hamilton Certeis meditating upon, I wondered. Bob's life was in his hand. A poison administered in place of a stimulant—it would be easy. Was Certeis thinking that, too, as he sat so still in the moonlight by the window?

Never while Bob lived would Jane Lorimer listen to the love of another man. But Certeis might imagine that if Bob were out of the way his old charm for me, his old fascination for me when I was a romantic college maid, his old hypnotic influence, might return.

Certainly it would be a very simple matter for Bob to pass out of existence, under his guidance, and leave the road open to his violent wooing.

I turned toward my husband—immovable in his bed as Certeis in his chair by the window.

What a price Bob and I were paying for the thrill of that one unforgettable kiss! It was our first kiss of reconciliation after Bob had followed the lure of another love than mine! I had to believe that he had been deeply repentant when he clasped me in his arms. And then—I had been torn away from him! It was as if the high gods were punishing him for his own folly!

As for Hamilton Certeis, sitting so still on the other side of my husband's sick-bed—why—even a villain could love a woman honestly I supposed.

Mother Lorimer had told me, apropos of Daddy's romantic adventures, that he was far from being the only smug respectable man of their set who had found some kind of an excuse, in nature, for wandering away from domesticity. I thought as I considered Certeis:

"If good men can go wrong—and be pardoned—why can not bad men go right—and be honored—sometimes?" My meditation was interrupted by Certeis.

"Your husband ought not to be as sick as he seems," he said. "Except that he has already gone through a strange case of shell-shock and has lived for months in an abnormal mental state, I would not be able to account for the present confusion in his symptoms."

"Dr. Certeis! You will not let Bob die? We are in your hands. You—you—intend to cure him?"

Certeis caught my doubt of him, my horrible suspicion of what he might do and replied:

"I promise to cure him, Jeanne. I promise because you ask it. But when he is well, he will have to remain here."

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HEALTH TALK

BY DR. LEE B. SMITH
The Kidneys and Uric Acid

All the blood in the body goes through the kidneys within a few minutes. Therefore the kidneys are very important for health, because they filter out of the blood most of the waste (poisonous) substances and the blood then flows on toward the heart thru the kidney vein, and what the kidneys take out of the blood forms urine. So it is very important to have the water examined by a chemist at least once a year to test one's health.

I would suggest that everyone send a sample to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for a thorough chemical and microscopical test. This will be made free of charge and a report sent to you. The kidneys and bladder suffer from the wear and tear and we get chronic inflammations, sometimes indicated by headache, painful voiding of water, dull, heavy feelings. Perhaps the uric acid is stored up in the system in excessive amount, and, consequently, when the uric acids are deposited in muscles and joints one suffers from lumbago, rheumatic pains, gout, and this is the time to take "Anatic!"

ptoms which might develop, kissed my hand, and left the room. After the door had closed behind him, I stood looking down at Bob's long frame, so quiet beneath the counterpane. I stood with a finger on his wrist, counting his pulse, when suddenly he drew his hand from beneath my own, placed a finger-tip upon his lips, then opened both eyes and stared straight into mine. I accepted his warning—I did not make a sound. "I'm shamming, dearest," he whispered. "I thought it out as I rode the darn burro down the mountain. I've lived in hospitals long enough to know how a brain-sick man acts. But I never could put this over Certeis! I hadn't had a jumpy unaccountable shell-shock record of my own." With that he pulled my face down to his and we finished the kiss which had been interrupted in the cave.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

The woman who has to spend any great amount of time in her kitchen cooking may find her hair losing its fluffiness very quickly after shampooing. This is due to the steam and smoke that are the inevitable accompaniment of boiling and frying. I like to wear a cap which not only protects my hair but is a good idea from a sanitary point of view. One of the best remedies for the lifelessness of a cook's hair I have found to be sunshine and fresh air. Sit in a sunny window 10 or 15 minutes with your hair down and see if the treatment is not effective. If the weather permits open the window. The scalp needs the sun and air to keep it healthy and to stimulate the growth of hair. A busy housekeeper never has a whole lot of time to spend on beauty treatments but it surely is her feminine duty to keep herself as attractive as possible.

Menu for Tomorrow.
BREAKFAST—Stewed prunes, and cooked cereal, toast, coffee.
LUNCHEON—Pigs in blankets, brown bread and butter, pickles, tea.
DINNER—Chicken with dumplings, potatoes boiled with chicken, baked squash, celery, currant jelly, nut pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes
If meat is a little more expensive than usual I try to use a cheaper vegetable to even things up. Hubbard squash should have a very hard shell and should be heavy in proportion to its size to insure dryness.
PIGS IN BLANKETS.
12 large oysters.
12 slices bacon.

Season oysters with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Roll each in a piece of bacon, pin tightly with toothpicks. Broil in a hot frying pan until the bacon is brown.

CHICKEN WITH DUMPLING.

1 bird not too young.
1 cup flour.
1-2 teaspoon baking powder.
1-3 teaspoon salt.
Milk to make a soft dough.
Cut the chicken into pieces for serving. Put into boiling water to cover. Season with salt and simmer tightly covered. Replenish water as necessary. About three-quarters of an hour before the chicken is done put in the potatoes. Twenty minutes before the potatoes are done put the dumplings by spoonfuls into the kettle. Cover and do not remove the lid till they are done. Make a gravy of the broth.

NUT PUDDING.

1-2 cup brown sugar.
1 tablespoon milk.
1-4 tablespoon soda.
1 cup milk.
1 teaspoon butter.
1 tablespoon corn starch.
2-4 cup nuts.
Put sugar and tablespoonful of milk into a saucepan and dissolve very slowly. Dissolve soda in a little warm water and add to dissolved sugar. Add milk and butter and when boiling stir milk. Cook ten minutes, remove from fire and stir in nuts. Serve with whipped cream. This dessert is served warm. If eggs are ever cheap, won't you just live on 'em!

Airplane advertising in Altoona, Pa. is taboo.

Stringing Him.
Jack—Did you hear of the dance hold-up last night in my back yard? Jim—No. What happened? Jack—Two clothepeas held up a shirt.—Boys' Life.

Not on the Menu.
"Walter, you may bring us two orders of this."
"Beg pardon, sir; that's what the orchestra is playing."—Detroit News

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THINK HARD YOU MIGHT FORGET SOMETHING

OH, I WANT A CANNON AND SOME SOLDIERS AND I WANT A FOOTBALL— I WANT A BUCKING HORSE AN' A LITTLE AUTO WHAT I KIN GET IN AND MAKE GO WITH MY FEET— AND

AND I WANT SOME GAMES AND A

WELL THAT WILL BE ABOUT ALL FOR TONIGHT— YOU MAY THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE BEFORE CHRISTMAS